THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

Is PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 2$ dollars and 50 cents per annum

by

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B. and third Sts. Capitol Hill

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

A True story.

The gray morning was already drawing when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, grouped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of the room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man respected by his neighbors, and surrounded by friends.—But alas the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a complete drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creeking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy about 9 years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingling anxiety and dread—

'Is that you father?'

'Yes, wet to the skin—curse it,' said the man, 'why ain't you abed and asleep, you brat.'

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

'What are you standing there gaping for?' said the wretch. 'It's bad enough to have a wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning. Go to bed you imp—Do you hear?'

The little fellow did not answer, fear seemed to have deprived him of speech, but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

'Aint you going to mind?' said the man with an oath breaking into a fury, 'give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body.'

'Oh father don't talk so loud,' said the little fellow bursting into tears, 'you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and has'nt had any sleep till now.'

And as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy losing all fear in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, — and said—

'You musn't—you mus'nt go in.'

'What does the brat mean?' broke out the inebriate angrily, 'this comes of learning you to be as obstinate as a mule. Will you disobey me!—Take that—and that, you imp.' and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney piece had once been white, but was now of greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three legged table on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the drunkard. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre who through poverty, shame and sickness had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh woman, thy constancy the world can not shake nor shame or misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man. indignity after indignity hac been heaped upon him and deservedly, year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy, and still through every mishap that fainted woman had clung to him, for he was the father of her boy, the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty and when all the world had deserted him should she too leave him? She had borne much, but alas. nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her — she was dying of a broken heart.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and with a wild fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes.

There was a faint shadowy smile, lighting up her face but it was as cold as moon light upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness!

The man besides was in a passion.

'Blast it woman,' said the wretch as he reeled into the room, is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you! Come dont go to whining I say,' but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her continued.—'but—

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered and its tones quivered as they spoke.

'Oh mother's dead.' It was the voice of his son who had stolen in' and was sobbing violently, as he tried to raise her head in his little arms: He had been, for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples he chafed her hands, he invoked her wildly to awake.

Death said the man, and he was sobered at once. *Death! dead!' he continued* in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bed side with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, 'then oh my God! I have murdered her, Emily, Emily, you are not dead say so—oh—speak, and forgive your repentant husband'—and kneeling by the bed side, he chafed her white thin hand, wateting it with his hot tears, as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her, Emily!' It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth: Oh! that moment of delight. She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

'Can you forgive me Emily, I have been a brute a villian, Oh, how can you forgive me I have sinned as a man never sinned before, and against such an angle as you. Oh, God! annihilate me for my guilt.

'Charles!' said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated thro the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit, 'I forgive you, and mry God forgive you too, but oh. do not imbister this last moment by such an impoise wish

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

'Charles at last continued the dying woman, I have long wished for this moment that I might say something to you about our little Henry.'

'God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!' murmered the repentant man.

'I have much to say, and have but little time to say it in, I feel that I shall never see another sun.'

A violent fit of coughing here interrupted her.

'Oh no you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, sou,ll live to save your repentent husband. Oh you will.

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly.,

'Night and day for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never even in the darkest moment have doubted it would come, for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings.— Oh, would it had come sooner some happiness might have been mine again in this world, but God's will by done I am weak, I feel that I am falling fast Henry give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it in hers she kissed it and then laying it within her husband's continued,

Here is our child, our only born, when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, deeply love and cherish him. O remember he is young and tender, it is the only thing for which I would care to live. She paused, and struggled to sublime her feeling, will you promise me charles?'

'I will, as there is a maker over me, I will sobbed the man, and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

'And you, Henry, you will obey your father and be a good boy, as you love your mother you will.

'Oh yes,' sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you? Oh! dont die!'

This is to hard,' murmered the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, 'Father give me strength to endure it!'

For a few minuets all was still and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and boy, and the low death like tick of the rian dripping through the floor The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry where are you? faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice.

Henry, Henry, she said in a louder tone and then after a second added, 'poor boy. he. he. he doesn't here me.

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying, he was perplexed, the tears coursed down his cheek, and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

'Come near, my son—nearer the candle wants snuffing, there. lay your face down by mine. Henry, love. I cant see, has the wind—blown out the light?

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

Oh God murmered the dying woman, her voice growing fainter, this is death! Charles—Henry—Jesus—re——.'

The child felt a quick electric shiver in her hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard.—Starting up from his knees he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still, sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh, the fearful cost at which his reformation was purchased.

MOTHER WHERE IS HE?

The little child who loves to see
The bright sun shining clear,
Is often asking, 'Where is He'
Who placed the bright sun here?'

She sees the moonlight softly gleam,
And stars with twinkling ray,
And asks 'who made that gentle beam,
Almost more fair than day?'

She gathers for her mother dear,
A blossom rich and rare,
And asks 'who put these colors here,
And mixed their with such care!'

'Tis God my child—who will impart
More glorious objects still,
A temper mild a feeling heart,
And strength to do his will.

WASHINGTON CITY D. C.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

NEWSPAPERS & PAMPHLETS.

Hard as the times are, we are gratified to see a very pleasant, and a very important improvement in newspapers. Our friend of the Skowhegan (Me.) Clarion has been much improved, and comes to us enlarged, in a new and beautiful dress, with new handsome type, and still sustains its high character for morality and sterling worth.

He is an old times Democrat—liberal and just to all parties, and one of our oldest exchanges, having commenced nearly at the same time.

Mr Littlefield (the Editor) is not to be valued for his taste in chosing miscellany articles. He is silent on the Presidential question, but advocates the "Wilmot proviso." from principle. for he is no fanatic.

But the prince of political papers is the *Richmond Va. Republican.* It is now the largest and best paper we receive of the kind, and leaves all its rivals far behind. In its mechanical excellence it is exceeded by none, while the editors as we have heretofore observed—Messrs P. Baldwin, and H. Gallaher, are men of gigantic talents, and undaunted independence: None can meet them in argument, and few out do them in style or clearness of reasoning. They are familiar with history, and the political facts of the country. Upright, and accomplished as scholars, and as gentlemen, they are an honor to their country, and are the right sort of men to redeem the character of the press. They are Whigs in politics, and go for Gen Taylor.*

The *Logansport* In. *Telegraph*—another able paper, has likewise been greatly improved of late, and second to none in the Western country. It is Whig, and goes for Gen Taylor. This is the only exchange we receive from Indiana. We were amused by the following from the Telegraph.

"Federalists Federalism.—The 'Tuscaloosa Observer,' one of the best conducted Democratic papers of alabama has the following remarks on the habit of the washington *Union* and all who takes there cue from it, continually calling out Federalists Federalism, &c.

'Perhaps we are wrong. but we don't think it, indicative the best taste in washington Union to persist in applying the term, Federal to the party politically opposed to us. Our great respect for the central organ has induced us to look quite attentivly for a federalist this long time, but we have been unable to find one at least in these 'diggins, up to the present writing and we are assured by some of the oldest inhabitants, that the genuine Federal party expired so long ago that they themselves forgot it before we were born. Perhaps they deceived us, or perhaps we are wrong, but, at any rate, them's our sentiments.'

We trust our brother of the *Union* will follow in the foot steps of his sterling fellow *Virginian*, the magnanimous Jefferson, who upon making his inaugeration speech, while the earth groaned with his audiance he said—"Fellow citizens, we are all Republicans, we are all federalists," "Democracy," and abolitionists were names unknown at that day, which shows the great improvements we have made since.

We trust our fine historian of the Iron City *Pittsburg Pa.*—[and we are pleased to see we have at least one *Editor* learned in history,) will explain how these names originated, and that he will enlighten the people on the subject of Church and State bigotry, and their persecutions and massacres, not forgetting the tragedy of Southampton Va. perpetrated by Gen. Gabriel, a colored man who was to be Commander in-chief of the colored corps, when these pious bigots gave the word for "fire and sword." Come deal fair amongst yourselves and hear both sides.

But we have wandered; *The Journal*, of *Rockville Md. Gazette Carrollton Ill. Backwoodsman Hernando Ms.*—are all beautifully improved, and the Sat Evening News of this city is amongst the best exchanges we have, our old acquaintance J Thompson Editor!

The Taylor spirit in Kentucy.—fourteen hundred of the eighteen hundred voters of Bourbon county were at the late *Paris meeting* and the Hon. Garret Davis the most eloquent popular and influential man in the conutry, made an exceedingly powerful speech against the expediency of nominating Gen *Taylor* for the Presidency at the present time and yet after the close of his speech old Rough was nominated by acclamation!

(*Ind.* Journal.)

We are proud to see those encomiums paid to this highminded man. The Journal might have added every virtue that adorns mankind. Who can blame Mr D? Is he esteemed any the less? Who does not admire Mr Clay as a statesman, and love him as a friend? But it is this love for him particularly in the pious party, that will prevent his election. But for Mr prelinghuysen he would have been elected before.

'Gen Taylor.—The *New Orleans* National suggests that Gen Taylor on his return to the United States be received more as a civilian than as a soldier, and adds, Let no rude musket thrust aside the humble citizen that would press forward to greet him, Give to our beautiful wives and daughters, this noble duty of acting as his band of honor, and let them shower the war worn veteran with fragrant flowers, and play upon him the batteries of their bright eyes and sweet smiles!'

[*Fulton Telegraph.*

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* In regard to these gentlemen, we are surprised that men of their discrimination and ostensible patriotism, should suffer their once highminded state to fall into the snare spread for them by the Church and State party, without an effort to open the eyes of her people to the object of its treasonable designs.

Look at Virginia now, and what she was once, igotrance and fiendish, bigotry reigns triumphant throughout.—From Richmond to Abingdon. They have laid waste every thing like common decency, toleration or freedom of speech, or freedom of religion.

A very intelligent member of Congress from Va. Mr Hopkins, now a minister, informed us it was dangerous to speak or even hint at their overbearing insolance.

THE HUNTRESS.

It will be found that our paper is considerably improved in its mechanical appearance. For this we are obliged to Mr Wright a printer in the Whig office, a brother of our lamented friend formerly Foreman of the Constitution. His surviving brother resembles him much in appearance, manners and goodness of heart.

He is a young man, tall and slender, of the finest symmetry, with features and countenance of the most charming innocence of expression. His face is partially round, and fair, is stamped with a gentleness and sweetness of demeanor, unrivalled. He has a dark blue dove eye, soft as the evening breeze, all joined to his modesty, and pleasing manners, brought a sigh from the bottom of our heart for the loss of his amiable brother whom he so much resembles.

Mr Wright was accompanied by a very interesting youth, named Nicholson, likewise a printer, and is very promising.

PAMPHLETS.

Punch. Our friend Mr G Brooke, who always has the choicest literary publications on hand, furnished us with Punch. Yes, the inimitable Punch, it is useless for us with our poor backwoods education to attempt to critisize or eulogize this production of wit, and genius, and all his funny pictures besides, which is the wonder and admiration of the learned and unlearned, the wise and the simple, of the british public *Read* and see for yourself, it is worth twice the money asked for it! He also presented us with the "adventures of Capt Donnovan in *Mexico.*"

We are a great admirer of novelty, and particularly of adventures. But upon glancing over the work we took up the idea that it was a mere speculating scheme The very thought of which is revolting.

The pains he takes to inspire the belief of the great quantity of gold and jewels belonging to the church—the beauty, and fertility of the country &c. gave us a very suspicious opinion of the writer whom we believe was never out of this country.

He tells us—

"The Mexicans are by no means a literary people, and they have few newspapers. 'El Republicano' is a super royal sheet, issued daily resembling in mechanical appearance, Ann Royall's Huntress, more than any other sheet to which I can compare it."

Let envy alone, and it will punish itself.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS.

We are in progress in re-setting: coreecting and arranging our advertisements for the winter Campaigne. And have only to say that had the enemy sent *Job* a press, and two boys to work off a news paper he would not have triumphed so easily.

Connubial Felicity.—Mr Slang used to say my horses—my boys. Mr Slang now invariably says, 'our horses, our boys, or our farm!' This substitution of our for my— by Mr Slang; was brought about thus.

Mr Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr Slang had casually remarked, 'I intend to enlarge my dairy.'

'You mean our dairy, my dear,' replied Mrs Slang.'

'No,' quoth Mr Slang, 'I say my dairy.'

'Say our dairy Mr Slang'

'No my dairy.'

'Say our dairy, say our,' screamed Mrs Slang seizing the poker.

'My dairy, our dairy,' re echoed the wife, emphasizing each 'our' with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cringing husband.

Mr Slang retreated under the bed clothes. He remained several minutes for a calm, at length his wife saw him thrusting himself out at the foot of the bed much like a Turtle from his shell.

'What are you looking for Mr Slang?' said she.

'I am looking my dear,' ejaculated he, 'to see if I can see any thing of our hat,'

The struggle was over! It was our horses, our dairy, and the next sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean pants to church;

A man confined in jail at Newport R. I, has sent word to the city authorities that unless they immediately repaired the walls sufficiently to keep the cows o u he won't stay there another day,

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☞ Sixty vessels from foreign ports entered the Boston custom house during the forenoon of the 26th ult. This is the largest number that ever entered *Boston* from foreign ports in one day.

From the Flag of our Union,

Lines to Emily.

By J M·Thomson.

Maiden beauty sits enthroned
Upon thy fairy brow,
And the sweet smile of innocence
Doth rest upon the now.

The graces they have lent their charms
Thy lovely form to shrine—
E'en now across thy pathway bright,
Their happy glances shine.

As yet thou'rt young and life doth seem
E'en like the sun's bright ray,
As full of radiance and light,
It shines upon thy way.

Within thy youthful heart are found
Joy, love and happiness—
O, may they ever there abide,
Thy journey here to bless.

'I feel rather dull to day,' as the razor said, after it had been used to open oysters.

MILLINERY AND FANCY STORE.

Mrs Clavadetscher, formerly Mrs Bibler, begs leave to return her grateful thanks to the citizens of Washington and vicinity, for their generous patronage, and respectfully informs them that she has just received an extensive assortment of Millinery of the latest Paris fashions.—With a variety of the richest laces, satins, silk velvets, feathers, fancy dress, ribbon, all manner of trimmings, for Bonnets and Dresses.

Madam C. is a French lady, and one of the most indefatigable women alive. She would make a living where thousands would perish in the attempt, she is to be intimidated by no difficulty, losses nor crosses, of which she has had her share.

She has a sweet young lady who has lived with her for years, a pattern of virtue, industry and goodness.

Millinery And Dress Maker

Mrs Reeder begs leave to return her thanks to her patrons and informs her friends that she has received a new assortment of French and English articles, of the latest fashion which she will dispose of at the lowest prices.—She is also a dress and corset maker, which she proses to furnish at the shortest notice.

Mrs. PIERCE'S

Boarding House

Pa: Av. between Capitol and De·

ROOMS

To Suit both Ladies and Gentlemen,

SPRING CURE.

Doctor Quenaudon's extract of green herbs for purifying the blood and the cure of all diseases arising from its impurity, also of all other chronic diseases.

This fresh extract of herbs is produced from the most efficient botanic agents for purifying the blood and reinvigorating health, by taking away all impurities, acidity and restoring to the blood its vital energy, and to the whole body renewed strength, youthfulness and beauty. For it being essentially true, that "the blood is the element of life," to preserve the latter it is necessary to preserve the state of the blood healthy and uncorrupted. The subscriber during 20 years' practice in Europe and America has perfectly and rapidly cured with this extract of fresh spring-herbs all diseases arising from a vitiated state of the blood; even in these cases, where all others means had proved inefficient.

In the following diseases has botanic treament by means of these herbs has been particularly efficacious, viz:—Consumption, liver complaint bilious fever, bleeding at the lungs, rheumatism and gout, scrofula, ringworm, dropsy, swelling, and anddierangemen of the pulmonary and digestive organs.

Price one bottle one dollar.

Dr. D. V QUENAUDON,
Washington City, D. C.—April 1847.

DOCTOR
D. V. Quenaudon's
Office.
Penn. Avenue, south side.
2d door West of 12th street
Washington, D. C.

RAIL-ROAD HOTEL.

The undermentioned having taken the abov well known Hotel, recently occupied by P Moran, East of the Rail Road Depot, between 1st and 2d Streets, is now prepared to accommodate any number of persons that may favor them with a call. Their table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and the bar with the choicest liquors.

Regular boarders received at moderate prices.

The subscribers feels grateful for past favors and hopes by strict attention to business, and a determination to please, to merit an increase of public patronage.

P. McGARVEY.

P. S. The botling establishment formerly kept by them on F. street has been removed to the above named Hotel, where they would be glad to serve their old customers as heretofore.

June 6, 1846.

THE BEST OF THE WEEKLIES.

Neal's Saturday Gazette—New Volume.

Edited by Joseph C. Neal, Esq., author of 'charcoal sketches,' Peter Pluddy and other oddities, 'in town and about,' &c.

The subscribers have purchased the establishment of the Saturday Museum, propose to make it their basis of a new enterprise on an enlarged and liberal plan. The title and character of the paper will be changed and greatly improved. Indeed it is proposed to issue a weekly sheet of much higher pretentions to literary character and typographical execution, than any that has yet been put forth in Philadelphia to be called 'Neal's Saturday Gazette and Ladies Literary Museum,' will be issued on the 28th of October, 1846, and will combine all the advantages of the present weeklies with many improvements and additions beyond their reach. It will be printed with new and elegant type upon a very splendid paper, such as is used in the finest book work. The principal editor, Mr. Joseph C. Neal, late of 'The Pennsylvanian,' has well, deserved reputation, the country over, as a humorous writer of unrivalled abilities. He has been pronounced by a distinguished critic, superior to Charles Dickens in all that constitutes genuine merit as a comic writer, a keen observer of the ludicrous; and this opinion has been endorsed by the tens of thousands of his countrymen who have read his Sketches Nor are his talents confined to one style of writing. All who have read his editorials know at once a graceful liveliness and good humor, graces his productions, yet, when occasion requires he holds a pen fearless and powerful to lash abuses, to expose vice or to defend the right. As a sound thinker, a man familiar with the wants of the people, practically and of choice an industrious writer, and as journalist known and respected for eminent abilities and gentlemanly bearing, the publishers think that in this editor, they have made choice of no common man, they feel assured that he will be accordingly welcomed by the American press from Maine to Georgia.

To render the paper in every respect what it should be, Mr. Neal has retired from all other connection with the press, and will devote the full force of his talent, industry and experience to the columns of the Saturday Gazette, which, powerfully backed as he will be by the ablest writers of the day, cannot fail to place the new enterprise far beyond the reach of competition, by concentraing upon it an amount of literary force which has never before been similarly brought together on this side of the Atlantic.

There is still another department in which the Gazette and Ladie's Museum will differ from other weekly papers. The fourth page will be edited by a lady of eminent talents.

Sect or party will be unknown to the columns. Literary Criticism, news, both foreign and domestic.

LOWEST CASH PRICES:

One copy of Neals Saturday Gaz. one year	$2
Three copies " " " " "	5
Eight " " " " "	12
Thirteen " " " " "	18
Eighteen copies of the Gaz. will be sent for	25

Address JOSEPH C. NEAL & Co

"MONTEREY HOUSE."

The subscriber having re-opened his old stand nearly opposite Coleman's Hotel, would be glad to receive a call from his old friends and the public generally.

The house has been thoroughly repaired from bottom to top, and it is fitted up in a style not surpassed, if equaled in the District.

The subscriber feels grateful for past favors, whilst heretofore engaged in business in this city, and hopes by strict attention to business and a determination to render satisfaction, to merit an increase of public patronage. His table will be furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and his bar with the choicest wines and liquors.

JAMES S. HALL.

Washington D. C. Oct. 31, 1846.

P. S. Boarders received per day, week, or month.

J. S. H.

GEORGE NOTT CONFECTIONER

Pennsylvania avenue, between 4 and 5th street, where he manufactures Confectionary in all its varieties, in a superior style to any heretofore in this city. Ice creams of the most delicious flavor, cakes and jellies, with everything that belongs to his line of business. Orders will be thankfully received and honored at the shortes noice.

PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Washington DC a new political newspaper to be called

COMMON SENSE
The
Workingman's advocate.

Whether in peace or War workingmen are the main stay of civilization.

Labor is the great law of human existence.—Our first parent was a vine dresser—and the Command he received when driven forth from Paradise was the earth to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Labor is the life of Civilization. The Savage hunts or plunders to gain a subsistance which hollest Labor would procure without harm to any living thing.

Labor is the source of capitol, land lies waste until the hand of industry sows the seed and reaps the harvest. Machinery is powerless until enligutened labor gives it an impulse and then regulates its action. capitol is but a surplus of the earnings of labor, over what is needed for purposes subsistence and comfor.

Whether from necessary causes or not, capital has become divorced from labor, and acquired over it a power too often at war with its interests. It claims a consideration not yielded to labor, and even in this country, whose institutions are founded upon the doctrine To the equal rights of all men, it has secured an undue influence over legislation, determined to a great extent, the policy of the two great political parties, and rendered a large portion of the Public Press subservient to its interests.

name, whig or Democrat, believing that the time is not distant when the producing Classes will understand the sycophancy of the present day, Federalism under the Cloak of Democracy add whiggary in the disguise of Federalism both a combination of aristocracy which by intrigue manage to work their way into public life, and afterwards treat with scorn those who helped to place them snugly in power at rich salaries.

The Workingman has never been properly appreciated—labor, in all its calling, has always been treated as a mere implement of trade. The frugal Artizan has no encouragment in having his son instructed in the find chaste and beautiful taste of the mechanic Arts notwithstanding he may be in postestion of a Classical education, so very requisite to place him at the head of his profession or trade.

We desire to call upon all the Working Classes, to rally in their strength at the next Convention, and select men from the Plough handle and Work shop, only be sure you know who they are. Do not for a moment suppose that their vocation unfits them for public stations, it is all preposterous to suppose so many of our Statesmen of the present day whoare supposed to be possessed of a high intellectual attainments, are still devoid of common sense as well as moral firmness. It requires good, firm common sense, to be a good and honest President, one that will look upon the masses and carry out their wishes, and not suppose that his position is above those who placed him in it.

We have no exclusive claims in consequence of being farmers and mechanics—neithe are we be scoffed at for gaining an honest support by labor, if we desire a briliant statesman, it is no hard matter to select one; subject to a convention, only let workingmans not forget to claims Seats in that Convention.

let the Workingmen, who hold the balance of power, look to their own rights and interest keeping an eye single to the measures of the Constitution.

W. C & J. C. GREE

EYES RIGHT—LEFT FRONT.

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Gold pens and pencils in Gold and Silver Cases, and genteel assortment of Jewelry which will be sold low for cash at his store on Pa. avenue a few doors east of Coleman's Hotel, corner of Pepper alley and next door to Dr. J. F. May's office.

STEPHEN EDDY.

Nov 22, 1845.

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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JOHN WEST.

August 28, 1846.

N. B. The house has undergone considerable repairs, and has been thoroughly clensed from bottom to top.

J. W.

AN ACROSTIC.

There is a bower of roses by Bendemers stream.'
On these roses enraptured the poet enclineth;
But an Havana cigar is more fragrent I ween,
And inviting than bowers with roses entwined
Come then, come the bower where Tyson reside
Come and puff off the cares of your business driaes,
Per this bower, the' Geh us of smipg—

Segars of the finest from Cuba's bright Isle.
None here can equal, they're wondrous rare;
Under luxuries so fragrant, each care you beguile.
For they fly with the smoke and vanish in air.
For 'tis clear and unquestionable,' 'tis a genuine Cigar.

And wield and high' the poets strain awoke,
Not cries of 'gathering,' but Havanna's smoke,
Dance gaily o'er the head, as light as ether float.

Content with small profits, he solicits a hand
Invites you to call, he's determined to please
Good Segars, good Tobacco, all of a good brand
And at his establishment no one need sneeze
Relying on friendship, disposed to be fair.
Solicits of custom a moderate share.

Call and see N. E. Tyson, sign of the full grown Indian, 5 doors East of 4-1-2 street Pa. Avenue.

August 1, 1846

R. W. DESILVER,

No. 18 South fourth street Philadelphia has constantly on hand, a full supply of all the principal school books now in use, which he offers at reduced prices.

GLORIOUS NEWS!!
SURRENDER OF THE CITY OF MEXICO!!!

IN consequence of the above intelligence I have opened a new

TOBACCO, SNUFF, & SEGAR STORE, where my friends and the public generally, may at all times with confidence obtain a genuine imported segar of the most choice brand, as well a the most approved brands of chewing tobacco, also, a general assortment of snuff of all the different qualities at wholesale and retail.

Having made such arrangements as will at all times insure a full supply of the most choice brands from the different porteand for any further information conts acrning the surrender of the city, the public will be politely attended to at HEAD QUARTERS, Brown's Hotel, N],

CHARLES S. TYSON.

PERSEVERANCE
COFFEE HOUSE.

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WILLIAM REYER.

NEW PROSPECTUS

Great Increase of Circulation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Steadily and Rapidly Increasing.

It has been the design of the publishers of the Post (and if they may believe the testimony of many witnesses, it is one in which they have already succeeded) to make the Saturday Evening Post beyond all contradiction the

BEST WEEKLY PAPER

in America. No other paper has such a talented corps of regular contributors as will be seen when we mention the names of T S Arthur, Esq Grace Greenwood, Mrs E F Ellet, Mrs C H Butler, Mrs. Mary Noel MacDonald, F F F Helen W Irving, Anna Fleming, Lydia Jane Pierson, Harry Hartman, Mary Davenant, T Hempstead Henry Morford D L Roath &c &c. In addition to the productions of these writers, we are studious in selecting for our columns the best articles in the Foreign and domestic Magazines.

The Agricultural department of the Post is carefully filled with the most interesting articles the appear in the various Agricultural journals.

The Marchantile Department.

Every week we furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—the Prices and sales of country Produce, and the cattle Market. Our bank note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. Careful Attention will be given to the important Department of the Paper, to make it accurate and Reliable.

Portraits and Pictures.

Portraits of distinguished men and pictures of remarkable places and events are among the attraction of the Post. And we endeavor always to have some such embellisment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

The Fireside Friend.

We shall thus endeavor to maintain in the future, the proud title the post has acquired of being preculiarly a family paper and the fire side friend—the friend also of Morality, virtue, Public Improvement and National advancement.

NO OLD REPRINT

The post is no second hand edition of a daily paper. All its matter is prepared expressly for it, and it alone—and it is evident that this is the only mode in which a really good weekly paper can be made.

Subscription.

Our subsciption price is as low as any really good original paper, not a mere reprint can be afforded—and as low as that of any other paper, (not a reprint) of the same size and appearance in the country, in most cases lower. The price is for single copies, two dollars per annum, in advance: For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

For three dollars one copy of the Saturday Evening post, and one copy of sears Pictorial Family Magazine, will be sent one year each.

For five Dollars one copy of the saturday Evening Post, one copy of grahams Magazine, and one copy of Sears Pictorial Family Magazine.

☞ Editors copying the above will entitled to an exchange.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

4 copies,	$500
8 copies,	$10
13 copies,	$15
18 copies,	$20
28 copies	30
38 copies,	40

S D Patterson & Co., 98 Chesnut st. Philadelphia.

R. W. LATHAM & Co's EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE,

Corner of seventh and D. streets, opposite National Intelligencer office.

Bank notes.—Notes on all solvent banks in the United States bought and sold at the best rates.

Drafts, notes and bills on Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, collected, and remittances promptly made in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston funds at a charge of one quarter per cent. collections made on all the principal cities of the Union upon the most favorable terms.

Exchange—Bills of Exchange and bank Checks on most of the principal cities of the Union bought sold and at the at rates

NEW PROSPECTUS

Great Increase of Circulation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

—The Proprietors of the saturday evening Post return their thanks to the friends of morality and pure literature, for the very liberal support they have extended to them during the past year. And they have the gratification of announcing to them that the Circulation of the Post has been during that period.

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STEPHEN EDDY.

Nov 22, 1845.

THE PHILADELPHIA COURIER

With the Largest Subscription List in the World!!

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Now is the very nick of time to select and order your choice reading for the long evenings of the coming Winter, or to chose a chaste and intelligent Weekly Visitor the the coming year.

We flatter ourself that one word of eulogy of a Family Newspaper that has won for itself in a few years, by its undeviating course of enterprise, Industry and Morality, a circulation altogether unprecedented in the annals of periodical Literature [60 000 Subscribers) and a reputation as the Model newspaper of America, would be quite supererogatory. It speaks for itself. The publisher would say, however that for the future, the same brilliant succession of Original Tales, Essays, sketches, Poems, &c. &c., that have rendered the Courier the exemplar of the Periodical Press, will be continued—interspersed, varied and enriched with.

Original Legends of the Revolution—Historical Sketches of the Drama Philosophical essays—Letters from abroad classic Biographies gems of the poets—graphic Letters from New York, Boston, &c.—Revolutionary poems—Pictorial illustrations, &c. &c.

Together with all the news gossip, and variety of ordinary Newspaper.

For the purpose of facilitating the formation of clubs, of New or Old subscribers, NOT IN Arrears, we offer the following; (for par money, in advance,) being the most

Extraordinary Inducements Ever Offered:

Three Copies of the Courier, one year or one copy for three years:	$5
Eight	10
Twelve	15
Eighteen copies	22
Single copy of the Courier	10
Two copies of the Saturday Courier, 1 year, and one copy of either Peterson's or Sears' Pictorial Magazine,	5
Two copies of Saturday Courier and one copy of either Arthur's or Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, or Sears' pictorial History of the American Revolution, : :	5
Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and two copies of either Sears' Pictorial or Peterson's Magazine, : :	10

☞ For three dollars, we will send the Courier one year, and one copy of either, Sears' Pictorial American Revolun, 450pp Or Pictoral Family Magazine (Menthly.)

They are all in form to send by mail, and will cost not more than 25 cts. postage to any part of the United States.

☞ Single copies invariably 2 dols. per year. Six months 1, 25. The first term is always payable in advance.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ Clubs sent to one address, or to different addresses as desired but discontinued only at the option of the publiser, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ Money for fractions of Clubs will be credited only at the usual terms. Should there be too little sent or postage or commissions charged, one or more of the last names on the list will be omitted, or the amount deducted from the last name.

☞ Members of clubs receive the papers at club prices only when associated in the prescribed numbers and paying in advance. When this is neglected, the terms are invariably $3 per annum.

☞ Persons making up clubs are not entitled to an extra copy.

Single copies 3 per year or $2 if paid in advance. Six months, 1, 25. The first term must always be paid in advance.

The lub terms apply only to subscribers, and Oct to Retail Agents. Retail Agents must address Zieber & Co, our head Agents of this city, who attend to all Sub-Retail Agencies.

ANDREW M'MAKIN,

Editor and proprietor, No. 97 Chesnut St. adjourning the Bank of North America.

PERSEVERANCE

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WILLIAM BENTER.

PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Washington DC a new political newspaper to be called

COMMON SENSE

The

Workingman's advocate.

Whether in peace of War workingmen are the main stay of civilization.

Labor is the great law of human existence.—Our first parent was a vine dresser—and the Command he received when driven forth from Paradise was the curth to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Labor is the life of Civilization. The Savage hunts or plunders to gain a subsistance which honest Labor would procure without harm to any living thing.

Labor is the source of capitol, land lies waste until the hand of industry sows the seed and reaps the harvest. Machinery is powerless and till enligutened labor gives it an impulse and then regulates its action. capitol is but a surplus of the earnings of labor, over what is need ed for purposes subsistence and comfor.

Whether from necessary causes or not capital has become divorced from labor, and acquired over it a power too often at war with its interests. It claims a consideration not yielded to labor, and even in this country, whose nstitutions are founded upon the doctrine of the equal rights of all men, it has secured an undue influence over legislation, determined to a great extent, the policy of the two great political parties, and rendered a large portion of the Public Press subservient to its interests.

name, whig or Democrat, believing that the time is not distant when the producing Classes will understand the sycophavcy of the present day, Federalism under the Cloak of Democracy and whiggary in the disguise of Federalism both a combination of aristocracy which by intrigue manage to work their way into public life, and afterwards treat with scorn those who helped to place them snugly in power at rich salaries.

The Workingman has never been properly appreciated—labor, in all its calling, has always been treated as a mere implement of trade. The frugal Artizan has on encouragment in having his son instructed in the find chaste and beautiful taste of the machanic Arts notwithstanding he may be in posession of a Clasical education, so very requisite to place him at the head of his profession or trade.

We desire to call upon all the Working Classes, to rally in their strength at the next Convention, and select men from the Plough handle and Work shop, only be sure you know who they are. Do not for a moment suppose that their vocation unfits them for public stations, it is all preposterous to suppose so many of our States men of the presen day whoare supposed to be possessed of a high intellectual attainments, are still devoid of commou sense as well as moral firmness. It requires good, firm common sense, to be a good and honest President, one that will look upon the masses and carry out their wishes, and not suppose that his possition is above those who placedhim in it.

We have no exclusive claims in consequence of being farmers and mechanics—neithe are we be scoffed at for gaining an honest support by labor, if we desire a briliant statesman, it is no hard matter to select one, subject to a convention, only let workingmans not forget to claims Seats in that Convention.

let the Workingmen, who hold the balonce of power, look to their own rights and interest keeping an eye single to the measures of the Constitution.

W.C & J. C. GREE

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CHARLES S. TYSON.

GEORGE NOTT CONFECTIONER

Pennsylvania avenue, between 4 and 5th street, where he manufactures Confectionary in all its varieties, in a superior style to any heretofore in this city. Ice creams of the most delicious flavor, cakes and jellies, with everything that belongs to his line of business. Orders will be thankfully received and honored at the shortes notice.

"MONTREEK HOUSE."

The subscriber having re-opened his old stand nearly opposite Coleman's Hotel, would be glad to receive a call from his old friends and the public generally.

The house has been thoroughly repaired from bottom to top, and is fitted up in a style not surpassed, if equaled, in the District.

The subscriber feels grateful for past favors, whilst heretofore engaged in business in this city, and hopes by strict attention to business and a determination to render satisfaction, to merit an increase of public patronage. His table will be furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and his bar with the choicest wines and liquors.

JAMES S. HALL.

Washington D. C. Oct. 31, 1846.

P. S. Boarders received per day, week, or month.

J. S. H.

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST NEWS Paper in the United States, is

THE FLAG OF OUR Union

Devoted to Domestic and Foreign Literature, news, Science, Arts and Amusement.

Independent of party or Sect. Published every Saturday by F. Gleason, corner of court and tremont streets, Boston S. French 298 Broad way New York, A. Winch, 116 Chestnut street Pa, Wm Taylor, Jarvis Building, north street Caltimore. The Unprecedented Success of this ably conducted and handsomely printed Family newspaper has induced the Proprietor to make such outlays as to render the 'Flag,' the most worthy of patronage of any periodical in the United States—a reputation indeed, which it has already acquired, among the many who have been so fottunate as to obtain it.—To substantiete this fact fully in the midst of all, we have only to state that it has already acquired a circulation of 30, 000.

And it is now increasing in the ratio of at least five hundred per week This ciaculation has not been obtained by any extra exertions, but it is to be attributed solely to the appreciticn of the paper in the mids of an enlightened and intelligent community.

☞ ORIGINAL $100 Prize Tale, from the pens of the most popular authors of the day, will always from an attractive feature of the paper. Also all the dramatic and Musical news together with the general intelligence of the day and an almost endless variety of items on all subjects,—Gave Lively Satirical Comic and sentimental. combind to make it a paper calculated to suit every one.

Terms, two Dollars per annum, or One Dollar for six months invariably in advance.

Those in the country who wish to become subscribers to the 'Flag,' by encloing the amount of subsciption in a letter [post-paid] to either of the above places, may depend upon receiving their paper regularly every week and in due time.

The Flag may be also obtained at all the Periodical Depots in the United States and of newsmen, at four cents per copy.

N B. If the reader of this should have been so unfortunate as not to have seen this Model of newspapers, and should wish to do so before subscribing, can be gratified by enclosing us a five cent peice, (post paid,) to either of the above places:

F. Gleason.

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